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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1908.

STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on your present order or wrapper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

DISCONTINUANCE—Responsible subscribers will continue to receive this Journal until their subscription is paid.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS—When ordering a change in the address, subscribers should be sure to give their old as well as their new address.

It's now in order for the man who "told you so" to come to the front.

There are some big corn raisers in Iowa. A farmer of that state recently sold his corn crop for \$12,390.

A Topeka hired girl married a millionaire, and now when she comes home to visit, "sassy" people stand in the street in order to get the dust from her automobile as it whizzes by.

York attacks undue importance to itself as a prohibition town, yet according to figures furnished by one of its own citizens in an article for distribution as a campaign document, the money on deposit in the banks of that city amounts to \$164 for every man, woman and child inside the corporate limits.

F. W. Fitzpatrick contributes an article in the November McClure's on "Fire—an American Extravagance." He says: "Fires have cost us as many as 7,000 human lives in one year's time, and our loss in money value, through the destruction of property is almost as appalling."

A LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

No time was lost in initiating the great debating contest between Lincoln and Douglas. Neither speaker required any introduction, and Douglas began by outlining the rules of the debate.

When Douglas sneeringly quoted a part of Lincoln's "house-divided-against-itself" speech, the Republicans burst into applause, which brought an angry response from the unwary orator; and when Lincoln began by reading a document, someone in the crowd shouted, "Put on you specs!"

Then for an hour and a half he held that mighty audience by the sheer force of his personality and the intense interest of his theme. Now and again there was a burst of cheering, but the speaker made no effort at oratorical effect and employed no device to lighten his argument.

LAST OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

In 1873 Edwin Booth learned of the existence in Canada of a trunk full of theatrical costumes that had belonged to his brother J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and it was forwarded to his theatre in New York at his request by McKee Rankin, the actor who was then engaged professionally in the province.

The story as to its disposal is told by an old property man named Garrie, who is still alive and active, and his description of the memorable and pathetic scene is as follows: "It happened early in '73. The day had been one of storm and drifting snow, one of those belated days of New York when winter forgets to be come spring."

"Richard III" was on for a short run and had drawn a fine audience that night in spite of the storm. And, say! how he had played! Familiar as I was with his performance, I found myself again and again standing in the wings watching him.

"I lit a single gas-jet, and it made a bright spot in the gloom. Over near the furnace I saw an unusually large trunk, almost like a packing case, tied with ropes; there were seals on it, some on the cords, some at the edges where the cover and the body of the trunk met."

"I shall want an axe, Garrie," said Mr. Booth. There was one in the corner of the coal bins, and when I had found it I was told to cut the cords of the trunk and knock off the top. This was but little work for the box was rickety and old.

THE BURNING OF ROME

BY CROLY

ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide.

The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again.

The distant sound of the city, in her convulsion, went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads, flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble, that had then lost all respect for condition.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on.

It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand upon his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time.

A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans.

The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved as if in an earthquake, and, if he were fancying his brother's figure in it, and perhaps remembering when he saw it worn last. Then he handed it to me.

"Put it in there," he said, pointing to the heater. I opened the furnace door—the coals were all red and blazing. I paused for a little—'twas such a shame to destroy so handsome a garment—and looked back at him, but he was as still as a statue—just waiting. There was no help for it—I threw it in. It settled down on the blaze with a sort of hiss—a bit of the lace at the sleeve caught and the coat was in flames.

We watched it without a word until it was nothing but a spread of a red film in the blue coal flames. A satin waistcoat, a pair of knee breeches, and several pairs of tights were next taken out, and they followed the coat. He didn't spend much time over these, merely handing them to me and motioned toward the fire.

"It was agonizing, living through these moments, while without a word Mr. Booth inspected each article, touching it fondly as if it were his own flesh and blood, before handing it to me to be burned."

"Then followed in quick succession a package of letters, some in a delicate feminine hand, a Richard III costume worn by his father, fine daggers, swords, jewelry, many other costumes, together with odds and ends, which strangely enough included a pair of woman's pink dancing slippers. Then the trunk itself in pieces and the cords that had bound it—all to the hungry flames. The sacrifice was complete—complete with one exception—a simple wreath of bays tied with a broad white ribbon. 'Twas his one memento."

"That will do," he said quietly. "We will go now."

"I looked at my watch. It was nearly 6 o'clock."

"What emotion had arisen during that scene in the furnace room had sunk to the depths, and his face had found again its old, set look of gentle melancholy. We came up to the stage and crossed to the stairway leading to his rooms. 'You needn't come, Garrie. Thank you,' he said."

As the Playwright Sees It. "If there was any justice about it, which there isn't," said the playwright, "the name of the playwright would be on the billboards three feet tall, the name of the star next, the name of the manager last. As it is, the manager comes first, the star next, the name of the man who prints the billboard next and the playwright last in point of size."

Hopeless Case. Ten gods cannot help a man who loses opportunity.—Chinese proverb.

FARMER NOT TO BE TRAPPED.

This One Was Taking No Chances on a Possible \$300 Fine.

The government weather bureau supplies daily thermometer readings, quantity of rainfall and the forecast for the ensuing 24 hours to farmers along rural routes who apply for them. The data are stamped with rubber type upon one of the franked government cards and dropped in the rural mail box by the rural carriers each day.

On a western route a farmer had applied for the forecasts, and they were dropped regularly in his mail box each morning, but he failed to take them out, and the accumulation of cards became so great it nearly filled the box.

An inspector, going over the route, dropped in at the farmhouse. "Why don't you make use of the weather forecasts?" he inquired. "Didn't you apply for them?"

For reply the patron of the rural route led him on to the mail box and put his finger on the corner of one of the cards, where was printed:

OFFICIAL BUSINESS. PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, \$300.

"You fellows ain't going to soak no \$300 into me," he declared, putting the card back into the box.

And the inspector had some difficulty in explaining that no penalty would attach to the removal of the card.

MAD DONE WORK THOROUGHLY. Corporal Literally Obeyed Orders of Post Commander.

Gen. Clarence Edwards, chief of the insular bureau of the war department, tells how an Irish corporal got even with an unpopular post commander in Cuba. This post commander, though an excellent soldier, was something of a crank. He had two hobbies. One was that the liberal use of whitewash was the best possible preventive of disease, and the other was a pet flamingo, an ill-natured bird that was disliked heartily by the enlisted men because it never overlooked an opportunity to nip one of them.

One day the post commander had to go to Havana, but he could not endure the thought that anyone should be idle in his absence. It had been fully a week since any whitewashing had been done, so he issued an order that "all articles pertaining to the camp not sheltered from the weather" should be whitewashed. The Irish corporal was entrusted with the execution of the order.

The post commander returned next day, and pretty soon the air was fairly blue with his cursing. The soldiers heard the noise, but they were not curious. They knew what it was all about. The post commander's brilliant flamingo was white as a snowy heron.

Pronged. "I have good reason," said the head of the establishment, addressing the cashier, according to the Chicago Record-Herald, "for believing that you are living beyond your means."

"You are mistaken sir. I am willing to have a thorough inspection of my accounts at any time."

"How does it happen, then, that you are able to have a big automobile?"

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha! That comes of having a wife who can write poetry."

"Poetry! Bah! Who ever heard of anybody earning enough writing poetry to have an automobile?"

"That's all right. She won it in a Limerick contest."

Good in Either Event. Gen. Dabney H. Maury tells in his "Recollections of a Virginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress, the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant.

"Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians, they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians, it is a deal too good for them."

Went Too Far. Elderly Sutor—I offer you an honorable name, a large fortune and the utmost devotion.

Mabel (joyously)—Oh, Mr. Graybed, how kind of you. Elderly Sutor—in addition, I can say that I am in the best of health and that I come of an extremely long-lived family.

Mabel (coldly)—No, I can never be yours. Please don't mention the subject again.

One Was Enough. "Dad," said the white-faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?"

"How many have you smoked?" "One." "That's the number," said dad, and taking down the strap from behind the door he soon convinced the boy that he was right.

How the Ruins Go. "I thought," said the American who was seeing Europe for the first time, "that you people had a lot of interesting old ruins over here."

The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING No. 5

Never spring a big newspaper advertisement upon the public unexpectedly.

Make it an invariable rule to lead up by two or three nicely graded steps to the important announcement to be made. People take a certain pleasure out of anticipation. They enjoy their dinner all the more if they have been anxiously waiting to hear the bell.

Don't pay the United States government two cents for carrying a letter or a circular worth less than two cents.

The average advertiser will shave off 15 cents a thousand on envelopes and a quarter of a cent a pound on paper and beat down the printer in price so that he is obliged to use a 30-cent ink and by various other economies get his material ready for \$6 a thousand.

Don't waste gray matter on your competitor. No matter how entertainingly he lies, you go right on telling the plain, blunt kind of truth that-mother-used-to-make.

Truth can be made far more entertaining than falsehood. Don't be afraid to call a spade a spade.

If the goods are shoddy advertise them as shoddy, give good shoddy measure, and charge shoddy prices. There are tens of thousands of people who prefer shoddy; prefer to eat it, to wear it, to be entertained by it.

If you have news to print about your store—some call it advertising—don't order twenty-three styles of type with whirling borders and a crazy, badly-engraved picture. The mummer on New Year's Day or the clown at Barnum's may look funny, but he couldn't make good on the road selling gold watches.

The great thing in all advertising is not quantity of circulation, but quality of your copy printed in a newspaper the readers of which are able to buy your goods.

Jennings Eaton

THE PLUG HAT OF JAPAN.

Tiles of the Vintage of Fifty Years Ago Make the Mikado's Subjects Proud.

"There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler. "That is the rare display of anthropological plug hats."

"Some people arrange to get to Japan in cherry blossom season, and others want to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time; but take the tip of one who has batted about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or on the emperor's birthday. On both you can see something unique in the line of headgear."

"When Japan began to get civilized she bought all the accessories of civilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashioned, out-of-date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated tram cars and other second-hand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat."

"The tile of those days has remained the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Dreadnoughts, but the plug hat of 50 years ago still reigns supreme."

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities, the emperor's birthday or possibly the racing meets at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentleman bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat, a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with 20 summers; damp or green with the shine of antiquity, but that matters nothing."

"Once this superstructure to his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added, the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat may settle around his ears or it may perch upon his head like half a peanut shell, but no matter: it is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability."

"He trots out of his house looking like one of the ancient daimios stiff with the dignity of two swords. All that, fearful day he wears this hat of

Unwise Combination. To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willowby could be really eccentric.

Got the Wrong Girl. After being married a year, a young man named Hahn, living at Voloes, Dalmatia, discovered the other day that he had not married the girl he intended. When he proposed to her he mistook her for her twin sister, who so resembles her that they can scarcely be distinguished apart. He did not realize his error until he began calling her by her Christian name instead of by the terms of endearment he had hitherto used.